

In the Flame of Error

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Summary: The White Council was afraid that the Company of Thorin Oakenshield would bring naught but wreck on their world; even Gandalf was concerned. So they decided to seek out a dragonslayer; someone who would be able to destroy the dragon Smaug should Thorin and Bilbo fail. Unfortunately, they ended up with a dragon trainer; oh, and of course his best friend a dragon.

1. Introduction

****In the Flame of Error****

****By: iamCAMBRIA and Amazing-Thalia-Grace****

****Introduction****

The dawn day was just barely brushing the sky with little bits of powdery rose, when the chief of Berk awoke. His eyes creaked open and he draped his arm over the swollen belly of his pregnant wife. The blonde woman underneath him moaned sleepily, before rolling over. The auburn haired young man gave a small smile before slowly sitting up, trying not to wake his wife up.

He pulled back the fur covers to their bed and slipped both legs overâ€”or one and half legs over. Reaching over with a stumbling hand, he groped about in the dim lighting for his prosthetic leg that sat beside the bedpost. Grumbling, his fingers finally brushed the side of the wood on the prosthetic before he grabbed it. With a slow lethargy, he began to strap it on like every morning. Afterwards, he began to clothe himself in his leather armor and his one bear-fur boot. Then, tip-toeing out of the room, he made the climb downstairs.

His dragon, Toothless, rested in the corner, curled up like a kitten. Hiccup smiled and shook his head. When the Night Fury wanted to, he could be the most deadly thing on the planet, but most of the times, he was as harmless as a hatchling.

Gathering a bit of firewood, Hiccup tossed the kindling into the fire pit. Lighting it, he began to put an iron skillet over it. Reaching down, he pulled up a door to reveal the larder. He reached in and pulled up a few slabs of meat that he and Astrid had prepared earlier that month. With a happy little whistle, he put them to the now heating pan. Adding a bit of yak fat, and a pinch of sage, he began to cook breakfast. The meat began to pop and sizzle, giving the house a beautiful fragrance. Hiccup was thankful that he was the one cooking the food because his cooking was by far, better than Astrid's.

Toothless warbled a sleeping greeting.

Hiccup looked up and grinned. "Good morning to you too bud."

The dragon crooned.

"Yeah, yeah," Hiccup shushed. "Just, let me finish breakfast and then we'll take patrol, alright?"

Toothless yawned before nodding, curling up again.

Hiccup gave a quiet, amused laugh before returning his attention to the food. In no time the meat had cooked to a crispy golden brown, and he pulled the skillet off the fire and onto the table. Pulling out one of their wooden plates from a counter in the corner, he put a few slices on it and sat down. Of course he remembered that he needed something to drink, so he got up and pulled a mug from the same counter and got himself a bit of water from a keg that was nestled snugly underneath the wood top. Sitting down, he enjoyed the breakfast that he made. The juice of the meat dribbled down his chin with every bite, and even though it wasn't very seasoned, it was savory. Gulping down the water, and finishing up his breakfast, he put the plates aside for Astrid to wash later.

He then put the skillet back over the low fire so that the food would stay warm for her. With a satisfied nod, he turned to face the Night Fury. Toothless looked up at him eagerly, his green eyes wide and warm.

"Ready bud?"

The dragon gave a pleased smile before prancing to the door.

Hiccup chuckled. "Alright, alright Toothless, calm down. Don't want to wake up Astrid."

He opened the door and Toothless ran outside.

Snow blanketed the ground in glittery white mounds. Footprints here and there were stamped all throughout Berk. Hiccup sighed and took in the sight. Berk was finally at peace. No more wars, no more deaths, no more sorrow—it was just peace. It had taken him thirty five years of his life, to understand why his father would ever try so hard. Why Stoick would work himself to death for the sake of his village, it had been a mystery to Hiccup. But it was moments like these, that he realized why—this was his home and that his people were safe. That made all the hard work in the world worth it.

Toothless gave an impatient groan.

Hiccup snapped out of his reverie. "Yeah, yeah, yeahâ€"I'm coming you impatient lizard."

Toothless ran to the boy and slipped his head between the human's legs. Hiccup fell onto the dragon's back with an undignified grunt. Sighing, he laid back against the warm leather saddle rigging and the outline of the black scales.

"I really don't want to go flying this morning, bud."

Toothless snarled.

"I know, I know." Hiccup continued, rubbing his face with his hands with feigned exhaustion. "But I'm just so tired."

The Night Fury flopped his ears around, not concerned.

Hiccup pat the dragon's side. "I'm so glad to know you care, Toothless."

The dragon gave an impatient wiggle.

"Agh! Fine!" Hiccup shouted with false anger. "Let's go flying then!"

Toothless hooted in triumph.

Hiccup leaned sat up in the saddle and leaned over so he could look the Night Fury in the eye. "Sometimes I really think you enjoy torturing me."

Toothless spread his wings in response.

Shaking his head, Hiccup placed his feet into their proper stirrups. After strapping himself in good and tight, he clicked the proper stirrup to do a maintenance check on the dragon's tail prosthetic. After a few good flaps, he found the condition it was in to be satisfactory.

"Okay bud, seems as though we'reâ€"whoa!"

Toothless took off into the air before Hiccup was ready to begin. The man groped about for the handle bars of the saddle before finding a comfortable hold. Toothless began to even out in his flight pattern, giving Hiccup a chance to run through his mental check list for the rigging. By the time he was done, he was ready to begin the patrol and Toothless had gotten his daily dosage of tricks.

"Toothless, let's start on the Eastern Side and work our way up to Thor's Hand. We'll get a good view of the Barbaric Ocean from there. Then we can head north to the mountain peak and then south. Finally back to the village." Hiccup suggested, looking at the frozen island of Berk.

Toothless gave an affirmative nod before banking around and heading towards the Eastern Side. Hiccup zipped up the extra leather on his arms, warding off the cold. Snow flurries had begun to sprinkle about

again and the breeze was chilling. Berk at one of its coldest.

For a time, Toothless remained quiet, his wings beating in perfect tandem with his heart rate. He could time everything perfectly. When the wind would rise, and he could catch the jets to sail effortlessly. Or when the tides of the air currents would turn and he would have to dive to get below them.

But something happened that he didn't expect. That the Night Fury couldn't time. Something that he missed.

Hiccup barely looked up to see the great looming storm cloud in front of him. All his well-trained reflexes couldn't have prepared him for the vibrating, lightning burning cloud. It was as black as Toothless' scales and as large as the dragon too. Toothless snapped his wings shut to dive, but it was as if the cloud was trying to suck them in. Because even though Toothless stopped flying, they didn't stop moving towards the cloud.

"No!" Hiccup screamed.

The Night Fury was pulled in, the black veil of cloud fluff humming and burning. Their bodies fizzed with the high voltage of lightning. The electric currents rattled Hiccup's and Toothless' bones, blinding them and killing them. They were in the cloud; and it was tearing them to pieces. And it didn't take long before the Viking chief's and the Night Fury's world turned to nothingness.

The last thing Hiccup thought, before everything was ripped away, was that morning—he hadn't told Astrid he loved her.

~0~0~0~

What if this storm ends?

And I don't see you

As you are now,

Ever again.

~The Lightning Strike, by: Snow Patrol

2. Gather the Soldier

Disclaimer: We own nothing.

This chapter was written by the **Amazing**-Thalia-Grace. Enjoy!

* * *

><p>Gather the Soldier

A lone figure clad in white robes and a particularly long white beard, paced the center of a large, oval shaped chamber with a circular table in the middle; and he was deep in thought. The figure was so lost in thought, that he didn't notice when a tall, beautiful young-looking she-Elf that entered the room. The pretty she-Elf was followed closely by six other Elves.

The she-Elf, was the Lady Galadriel of Lothlórien; she was one of the three Elves to bear a ring from the First Ages. This was a need to know fact to the head of the White Council, Saruman the White. And perhaps this was for the better anyways, because Saruman's lust for the One Ring was terrifying enough as it was, no need for him to go after the Elven Ring bearers.

Following the Lady Galadriel, was Lord Elrond of Rivendell, another one of the three Elven ring bearers. He was clad in purple and brown robes, though between some people, one might even call it a dress. Don't tell anyone that you heard this; Elrond can be very fierce when he chooses to be. Though he often appeared to be cold, hardened, and unapproachable judging by his demeanor alone; Lord Elrond was a very hospitable elf, and was always willing to lend a hand to any one of the races on Middle Earth. Except for Orcs, and Goblins. He didn't really like either of them.

Walking beside Elrond, was his very own Chief Councilor, Erebor. Erebor was quiet, and only seemed to speak when he deemed it necessary, or when Lord Elrond desired his council on political and warfare matters. Many people would not notice Erebor unless he made himself known, though this was never on purpose. Erebor was simply one that faded into the background. Unless he was drunk. Then you would always know where Erebor was.

Bringing up the rear of the rather short line of Elven Lords and Lady, were The Lords Celeborn, Círdan, and Glorfindel. Glorfindel was a young Elf of relative stature, and had flowing blonde hair. It truly irritated Glorfindel that in every artistic representation of him, he always looked like a woman. Seriously. Every picture. Glorfindel feared that his friend, Lord Celeborn, would never let him live it down. And it was a well-known that Elves live for a long, long time and hardly ever forgot.

Celeborn however, was the husband of Lady Galadriel, and the father-in-law of Lord Elrond, as his daughter, Celebrían, was Elrond's wife. Celeborn wore outfits quite similar to his wife's—or were they actually from her wardrobe? No one ever knew his garb, which was a silver and white dress—er... robe, shimmered and shone like stars. Celeborn was also one of the few people whom Lady Galadriel called wise. Which was most likely the reason why they got along so well and ended up getting married.

Círdan was an ancient Elf, and he had been the Lord of the Falas since before the First Age began. Just like the Lady Galadriel and Lord Elrond, he too was given a ring to bear. He was the bearer of the Great Ring Narya. But Círdan had a secret, he bore the ring no longer. This was not because it was stolen from him, nor had he lost it behind his wardrobe or mirror. Círdan had given it away. Now Círdan, was not an idiot, he would never fall to temptation of giving the Ring of Fire to a stranger for his own gain; he was too wise to do such a thing. No, he had given his Ring to Mithrandir, to ease his labors. Círdan knew that Gandalf was by far wiser than the head of the White Council. Curunír was good at battle tactics and strategies, but Círdan found Mithrandir to be wiser by far. Círdan would always believe that Gandalf should have been the head of their council, not the greedy White Wizard. But now it was time to see what the already said White Wizard wanted.

The seven figures in the room smoothly glided across the floor to the table, each to stand behind one of the nine elegant wooden chairs.

The two council members who were missing were Gandalf the Grey, and Radagast the Brown. Radagast the Brown Wizard was on what one might say... probation, from all meetings until further notice. Gandalf however, was not invited to this particular meeting, as he was the topic of discussion. Together, these six reverend Elves, and three powerful Wizards; made what is now known as the Second White Council. Together, they were one of the most powerful forces of Middle Earth.

The one clad in white gestured for all to sit; five sat down. The Lady Galadriel remained standing as she turned to look at the white-robed Wizard with a stern glare.

"Saruman." Lady Galadriel said coolly, staring at the lone wizard before her. "Where are your fellow Wizards? I would have expected at least Mithrandir to appear. Or have you purposely led him astray once more?" She asked, rising up to her full height of seven feet, challenging the white Wizard's motives.

Saruman stared unflappably back at the Elven Lady, though one could see a spark of rage flashing his mask of impassiveness; albeit, barely.

"I believe that the council had already agreed to put Radagast," Saruman spat out the name as if it left a foul taste on his tongue. "On probation. Did we not?"

"Yes, we did. Though I have reason to believe that you bribed most of this council into agreeing with you. I for one, cannot find a single fault that would be worth probation in the Brown Wizard. You on the other hand..." Lady Galadriel said, practically goading Saruman to fly into a fit of rage.

Though to anyone else, well... It would appear that she was doing the exact thing that she was. The others would readily back her up should the opportunity ever arise, for their loyalties to the Lady of Lothlórien were stronger than those to the White Wizard. Though it should never have to arrive to that, Saruman would never dare to remove her from the council. Even he knew what the dangers and consequences of that.

"I would never dream of bribing anyone to do anything for me, Lady Galadriel. Wherever did you get such an idea?" Saruman replied, scarcely able to keep his passive mask together.

"One should never rule out all the possibilities until they are all proven to be impossible." Galadriel returned evenly, her accusing stare unwavering as she stared almost directly into Saruman's mind.

Saruman shot her a look of pure loathing, not even bothering to hide it anymore as he sat down in his own chair stiffly. On either side of him there was an empty chair, one for Radagast, and one for Gandalf.

Smirking slightly to herself Lady Galadriel sat down. She neatly

folded her hands on her lap, and nodded at the wizard to begin explaining why he had called the six of them to this secret meeting. Oh how Saruman seethed.

"Today I have called you here to discuss the...on goings of our dear friend, Gandalf the Grey." Saruman, began, carefully choosing his words as to not anger the rest of the council. It was crucial that all understood what was at stake with Gandalf's little adventure. "Gandalf has, against my wishes and permission, gone to take Thorin Oakenshield to the Lonely Mountain of Erebor. A quest to reclaim the exiled king's homeland, its riches and to defeat the great dragon Smaug." Saruman began, sounding almost tired as he spoke.

Though many did not like how the White Wizard would practically bully the Grey Wizard, they understood his concern. Gandalf was always going off on some new adventure, no doubt, more dangerous than the last. The Council truly cared for the Grey Wizard, and now they feared that this adventure would be his last.

"I highly doubt that any of us will be able to persuade Gandalf to forget this fool's mission, so I propose that we summon a great hero of the Other Worlds. To aid Gandalf on his quest. Are there any who wish to disagree with this notion?" Saruman questioned, looking discretely at Lady Galadriel from the corners of his eye.

Sure enough, the Elven lady raised her hand, though perhaps not for the reasons Saruman might believe.

"Whereas I am not against this proposition, I must ask, just who are we to summon? Have you already decided this as well, Saruman?" She wondered, looking more concerned for the Grey Wizard than challenging to the White Wizard's decision.

"No." Saruman answered tersely. "I was hoping that we could decide that as a council, if that is, that we all agree. All those in favour, stand now."

Lady Galadriel was the first to stand, followed then quickly by her husband. Elrond and Erestor rose as one. Saruman rose next, as he was the one who suggested the idea. Celeborn looked at his two friends, and they both nodded. The three rose from their chairs, marking it as a unanimous decision.

"Then it is agreed. We shall summon a hero of the Other Worlds." Saruman declared sitting back down, the others following in suit.

"So now the question remains," Lady Galadriel smiled mildly. "Which hero of the Other Worlds do we choose? I am assuming you will want one that has experience in the dragon slaying trade?" She asked, a small smile playing on her lips.

Saruman nodded and looked to the other six for suggestions.

Cā-rdan raised his hand to voice his hero of choice. "What about Beowulf? He was a great hero from the Middle Ages of the Other Worlds? He once slayed a dragon in the times of old."

Erestor shook his head, "No, he is too far gone now, we would never be able to retrieve his spirit. Why not Sigurd of the Vikings? Surely

he isn't too far gone by this time?"

Now it was Celeborn's turn to shake his head.

"I'm afraid that he passed on just under a decade ago. But you are on the right track, Erebor. The Vikings were always known to have more trouble with dragons than anybody else. It is one of them that we will be wanting." Celeborn said confidently.

Lady Galadriel nodded her head at her husband, smiling at his words of wisdom. "You are right my dear, we need a Viking hero. Why not Hiccup of the DragonsBlood? I believe that it was he who had slain the largest dragon of all, and recently too. One that was far bigger than Smaug ever was. It should be easy for him to deal with the Dragon King of Desolation."

Saruman nodded, for once agreeing with everything that Lady Galadriel said.

"All those in favor of calling upon the services of Hiccup the Dragon Heart, stand now." He said, looking around the table.

As one, everyone stood, once more making the vote unanimous. They would summon Hiccup of the Dragonsblood to aid Gandalf in his quest.

Lady Galadriel nodded towards the White Wizard. "If you would please, Curunã-r."

Saruman nodded and stepped forward, immediately vanishing all the tables in his way. Crash landing the hero into the dark oak would not be a good idea. It was antique and very expensive.

"_Nostris verbis audite, animi alterorum mundorum. Mitte nos Hiksti DraconisSanguinis iuvare!_" Saruman thundered, slamming his tall staff into the center of the floor.

From where the staff touched the stone floor, a blue fire spread out in a wide circle. Strange hieroglyphics burned themselves into the ground. The writhing letters still glowing a mystic blue colour.

Outside, the clouds surrounding the tower grew darker, as if a storm was brewing. Yet over the surrounding forests, the sun still shone bright. It was the work of magic that brought the storm over the tower.

The blue hieroglyphics started burning brighter and brighter, just as the lightning started flashing around the tower. Faster and faster the lightning flashed, until it seemed as if there was no longer flashing, but just a bright light filling the room. Celeborn quickly shielded his wife's eyes from the harsh glare of the light with his hands, turning his head and shutting his own eyes from the glare. As the other occupants shielded their eyes, surprised at the outburst of brightness.

There was a loud cry of alarm, and what sounded like a dragon's roar coming from the center of the room; before all was silent, and the light was gone.

Saruman stepped forward, quickly blinking his eyes to once more get used to the more natural light. Outside, the storm clouds were all but gone, quickly fading away as if they had never existed. And yet the thundering rumbles still echoed like a lonesome cry of warning, fading away into the norm.

There, lying in the center of the room, was a young adult. He was possibly in his late thirties with freckles and messy brown hair; even a few scraggly braids to boot. He wore a black leather armor and jerkin, along with a green cotton shirt beneath it; lastly what seemed to be tanned coarse leather pants that seemed suited for freezing weather. He was scrawny in girth, though relatively tall in his stature. He also seemed to be missing a part of his left leg, no doubt it was lost in his battle against the great dragon. Where there once was a foot, there was an odd silver prosthetic.

But what mortified the council, was that lying beside the young Viking Hero, was a black dragon. With strange looking ear flaps and rather large eyes, it too wore a prosthetic for what appeared to be a missing tail fin. The dragon shifted, and snapped open its bright green eyes, and stared straight into Saruman's eye. Jumping up to its feet, the demonic creature let out a fierce roar.

...o00^00o...

_This is a call to arms, _

_Gather soldiers, _

_Time to go to war. _

_~30 Seconds to Mars, by: Vox Populi _

* * *

><p>AN: Thanks all of y'all out there who reviewed the last chapter! It made us feel so good! Please Read & Review! Ta-ta for now lovelies and see you next time! _

3. Confusing Things

_A/N: This chapter was written by iamCAMBRIA. And for the unexpected speaking part of a certain character, imagine the voice of Colin Farrell. _

* * *

><p>Confusing Things

The White Council waited with baited breath, watching the black dragon wearily. Saruman gripped his staff tightly, glaring at the dragon. The man who was hidden behind the black wings of the reptile groaned, curling in on himself. The dragon seemed to shake with rage.

"You dare hurt my human?" It growled. "You dare harm him?"

All of the elves recoiled.

Saruman pointed his staff at the beast. "Be gone you vile creature!"

"I take no commands from you." The monster snarled before firing a huge blast of purple fire.

The Elves scattered back before Erebor, Elrond, Cārdan and Celeborn drew their swords. The dragon arched its back, its wings flaring up and its teeth bearing. The Elves circled up around the dragon, Saruman in the center, his staff glowing. The dragon rumbled furiously. Saruman thrust his staff and the creature was pushed back. It shrieked in surprise.

Galadriel's eyes widened, she looked at the dragon with shock. _You do not mean us harm._

The dragon's green eyes narrowed and he looked at her for a brief second. The Lady of Lothlórien was amazed at the amount of intelligence that was held in the gaze. The dragon inclined his head.

No.

Galadriel stood up elegantly, her hand reaching out towards the dragon. Only for the black creature to be pushed away by Saruman's staff. The dragon's wings flared open and he was shoved off the side of the tower. The other Elves cheered when the dragon went over, and Saruman smiled smugly. Galadriel glared daggers.

"You have harmed a creature that meant no danger to us."

"What are you talking about? It's a dragon." Saruman rumbled.

At that moment, the man on the ground awoke at the sound of the dragon falling off the building. He had burning emerald eyes like the dragon that went immediately to the side of the tower where the dragon had fallen. With a furious grunt he pushed himself to his feet and then suddenly, he jumped. Saruman had barely extended his staff when the man disappeared over the edge.

The Elves rushed to the rim of Saruman's tower peering over with fear that they had lost their dragonslayer. They were quite surprised to see the man diving towards the flailing dragon. Then suddenly, pulling something on his leather suit, sheets of material opened between his arms forming a pair of man-made wings. He used these as parachutes until he landed squarely on the dragon's back.

The Elves plus one Wizard barely had the chance to scramble back. The dragon shot up like an arrow with the man upon his back. It landed heavily on the black floor, and the man jumped off alighting with a 'thud'. His bright, burning emerald eyes bore down upon the council.

"What have you done?" He demanded. "Do you realize that you harmed my dragon?"

"Your dragon?" Elrond echoed.

"Yes, _his_ dragon." The black dragon growled. "And you have harmed

my human by bringing him here."

The man, Hiccup of the DragonsBlood, looked at the dragon with surprise. "Youâ€|Toothless you can talk!"

The dragon cocked his head, his ears twitching. "I've always been able to talk Hiccupâ€|wait! You can understand me?"

The man immediately ignored the Elves to see the dragon 'Toothless'. "I've never been able to understand you before. Whatâ€|what's going on?"

"You have as good an idea as I." The dragon admitted.

The man spun around and looked at the Elves.

"Alright, somebody better start explain what is going on." He demanded.

"I think it would be best if you sat down, Hiccup of the DragonsBlood." A silky voice began.

Galadriel stepped forward and past the line of men. "I am known as Galadriel, Lady of LothlÃ³rien."

The man seemed a bit taken aback, before he bowed his head. "My name is Hiccup, ma'am."

The Elven lady titled her head. _I know._

Hiccup's head snapped up to look at her thunderstruck.

_I mean you no harm, nor will I let the others harm your dragon again. But there are matters of grave importance that we must discuss. _She continued.

The man swallowed before looking at the male Elves and Saruman.

"Why am I here? Or better yet, how did I get here? Wherever _here_ is?" Hiccup asked.

Elrond gestured towards the chairs "I believe that you should take a seat, Hiccup of the DragonsBlood."

Hiccup's jaw clenched. "My name is Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third. That title you refer to was given to me by a man that I hate. It was a title out of spite."

"It can also be your title of kinship." Toothless rumbled helpfully, stepping up and giving the man a little nudge.

Hiccup looked at the dragon warily. "DragonsBlood?"

"One of dragon's blood. A kin name." The dragon supplied.

"I can't believe you're talking." Hiccup murmured, bending a bit for only the dragon to hear.

Toothless gave an echoing laugh. "I've always been able to talk. It's just now that you're able to understand."

"Master Hiccup," Saruman growled. "Will you please take a seat?"

The man inclined his head. "Yes, right, sorry."

Hiccup walked over to the seat and sat down. Toothless shot the Elves and the Wizard a warning glass before settling down next to Hiccup. The Viking man sat back in his chair and with a perplexed look, waved at the various peoples.

"So who wants to explain?"

"I believe I will, Master Hiccup." Saruman stated, stepping forward.

Hiccup crossed his arms.

"The world in which you have been summoned to is known as Middle Earth to its inhabitants. We are the White Council." The Wizard explained. "My name is Saruman the White. The Elves, areâ€"in this orderâ€"Elrond, Erestor, CÃ-rdan, the Lady Galadriel, Celeborn, and Glorfindel."

"Elves?" Hiccup asked, his voicing his skepticism.

"Yes, there are several races: Elves, Men, Dwarves, Hobbits, Orcs, Trolls and Goblins, as well as many other minorities."

Hiccup scratched his chin. "So Trolls do existâ€|do they steal your socks?"

Glorfindel seemed intrigued. "Do Trolls steal socks in your world?"

"Wellâ€|we think they do." The man shrugged.

"Indeed." Saruman grumbled. "Anyways, we've summoned you here on the account of a Dwarf. His name is Thorin II Oakenshield, son of Thrain, son of Throrâ€"King under the Mountain. He is going on a dangerous quest that will quite possibly harm the fate of all Middle Earth. You are here today, because he will more than likely awaken a great danger. A dragon known as Smaug."

"And what would you like me to do?" Hiccup asked, shifting uncomfortably in his chair. "Train him?"

The Elves laughed with their voices like jingling bells. Saruman gave an amused chuckle. He leaned against his staff.

"Master Hiccup, no need for jokes." Saruman said. "Although your lightheartedness is welcomed."

Hiccup's brow furrowed and he looked to Toothless.

The dragon shook his head and shrugged.

"We want you to kill the dragon Smaug." Saruman finished.

Toothless growled immediately, his body scrunching up and his wings furling out. His tail lashed furiously, swinging back and forth. He

stepped forward, showing his teeth off and giving a menacing stance. Hiccup sat up spluttering, his arms flailing out.

"You want me to what?" He demanded. "To kill a dragon?"

Elrond seemed troubled by that but it was Erebor who spoke.

"Are you not a dragonslayer, Master Hiccup?"

Hiccup looked positively furious. "Absolutely not! I'm a dragon trainer, not a dragonslayer."

The room on the tower suddenly got quiet. The Elves looked quite taken aback and almost awestruck. Saruman stood up straighter, his shadow stretching. The Istari's brow furrowed until it looked like he had one gigantic eyebrow.

"What do you mean that you are not a dragonslayer? Have you never killed a dragon?"

Hiccup stood up, his hand falling to his side, fingering a metal cylinder. "Iâ€¦I have twice actuallyâ€¦"

"Only two?" Glorfindel asked, crossing his arms.

"I'm not a dragon killer!" Hiccup growled. "Since the end of the dragon wars, I've tried to train dragons without ever having to result to violence again!"

"Train dragons?" Celeborn questioned, eyeing the black dragon.

Hiccup gestured towards his friend. "Hence Toothless' presence."

Saruman seethed. "So my spell was waste for naught? Do you realize how much energy it took for me to bring you from your realm to ours?"

Hiccup's hand grabbed the metal cylinder on his leg. "And do you realize you pulled me away from my seven and a half month pregnant wife? She needs me! As does the rest of my tribe? Who will lead them? There is no one besides my wife to lead my tribe; and with winter approaching I have all of my people to feed!"

"The mission was first priority."

"It isn't my mission! This isn't even my world!"

"You were the only option."

"You could've asked, given me time to tie things up back home."

"We don't have the time."

"I don'tâ€¦"

"Hiccup," Galadriel soothed, stepping between the two arguing Men. "We would not have summoned you, had not the situation been absolutely dire. This is something that is beyond our council. Being

that you know much about dragons, we figured that you would be our best choice. Now do we realize that the choice was a bit rushed, but there is nothing that we can change. The spell Saruman used was a powerful one, only allowing the chosen one to return at the finish of their quest."

Hiccup nodded his head angrily. "Soâ€¦what your saying is, I can't return homeâ€¦until I'm done with this task that you've provided for me?"

Elrond stepped forward. "I know this must be much to take in Master Hiccupâ€¦"

"Just give me a straight answer." Hiccup interrupted.

"Yes." _Yes. _Both Celeborn and Galadriel answered at the same time.

Hiccup gave a mirthless laugh, his shoulders shaking. "Well, then, I suppose I don't have much of a choice."

"Forgive us if this seems a bit forced." CÃ-rdan apologized, although his tone was entirely sincere.

Hiccup's green eyes blazed. "I don't think you quite understand. My wife is getting ready to have _my _baby. My village will _starve _if I do not help bring in food for the winter."

"Which is why you must complete the quest as soon as possible, Master Haddock." The oldest Elf answered. "As soon as you have finished what Thorin needs you for, you will be sent back home."

"Can you assure us that we will return home?" Toothless demanded softly, stepping up beside Hiccup.

Elrond bowed his head. "We cannot promise you that; but if you do return home, you will be stronger than you once were."

Hiccup was silent for a while before looking straight up at the Elves.

"One condition."

"And what might that be, Master Hiccup?" Saruman inquired, his patience running low.

Hiccup balled his fists. "You allow me to try and reason with Smaug before I am demanded to kill him."

"That may be a problem." Glorfindel answered. "Long has Thorin Oakenshield wanted the dragon dead."

"Then why doesn't he kill him, himself? Why drag me into this?"

Celeborn answered. "Because, if that dragon escapes the mountain, many, many people will die."

"Closest village?" Hiccup asked, a hand on his chin.

"A small place known as Esgaroth, or Lake-Town." Galadriel answered, pacing a simple circle around them.

Hiccup nodded and ran a hand through his hair.

"I will convince this Thorin Oakenshield to try and let me reason with this Smaug."

"Smaug the Terrible is unreasonable." Celeborn explained. "He destroyed the entire city of Dale and overran Erebor—the Dwarves' greatest stronghold."

Hiccup actually laughed. "For almost a hundred and fifty years did Toothless destroy Viking villages. Do you wanna know what his nickname is? The 'Unholy Offspring of Lightning and Death itself'. That's what my people used to call him. If I could reason and befriend the only Night Fury in my world, then maybe I can befriend your Smaug."

"It is a risky and daring proposal." Erebor observed.

Elrond nodded in agreement.

"But I don't see that you have much of a choice. You called me here, expecting a dragonslayer but got a dragon trainer. This may be your ground, but it's my rules." Hiccup finalized, stamping his prosthetic leg.

That of course drew the Elves' and Saruman's attention in.

"Well?" Toothless asked, with what sounded to be like an amused tone.

"I think," Elrond drawled, "That you and your dragon should come with me and my kin to the Valley of Imladris. My friend, another Wizard—someone who is helping Oakenshield as well—has planned on bringing them through my home. I feel as though you would benefit greatly if you met them there and not on the road. I do not doubt that Thorin and his company would react hostilely to another dragon."

Toothless smirked. "Oh trust me, they've never met a dragon such as I."

Hiccup cocked his head, a frown still on his face. "Sounds good enough for me."

"Then this meeting is adjourned." Saruman sighed, sitting exasperatedly in his own chair.

Cārdan nodded, smiled and bid a curt farewell, before disappearing down the trap door that led to the staircase. It was a long way down. Celeborn placed a chaste kiss upon each Elven brow, and a tense nod towards Saruman. With a look of fear and respect glanced at Hiccup and Toothless, he nodded to his wife before he too disappeared down the stairs.

Glorfindel milled about, making quick bits of conversation before finally coming to Hiccup. He gave a proud grin, extending his hand. Surprised that one of the Fair Folk would be so straight forward,

Hiccup shook the outstretched hand with a bit of shock. Glorfindel tilted his head back.

"If you don't mind my questioning, Master Hiccup—why would you name your dragon Toothless? He clearly has teeth."

Hiccup allowed himself a chuckle. "Well, you see, Toothless has retractable teeth. I didn't know that at the time. That and I was very confused."

The Elf's bovine-like eyes widened incredulously, before throwing a hesitant glance at the dragon. "May I?"

Toothless inclined his head before opening his mouth. Glorfindel peered in with a scholarly observance, his fingers tentatively touching the slimy, pink gums of Toothless' jaw. The dragon gave only a brief gurgle as a warning before unsheathing his teeth. The Elf quickly drew back a hand with this happened, but his smile only widened.

"That is incredibly remarkable, Master Hiccup." Glorfindel marveled. "I must write it down for our records."

Hiccup gave a quirky smile. Out of all the Elves, even among the Lady Galadriel, the Man felt a sort of connection with the dirty blond Elf. So Hiccup outstretched his hand.

"You can just call me Hiccup."

Glorfindel returned it with a sturdy shake of the hand. "Then I insist, _Hiccup_, that you call me Glorfindel. Many of the other races of Middle Earth like to put Lord in front of any _elleth_ kind's name. To be honest, I am merely a scholar."

Hiccup smiled. "I'd be honored."

"Likewise."

And with that, the Elf turned around with a flourish and disappeared down the staircase. So now remained Elrond, Erestor, Galadriel, and Saruman. The Man fidgeted with the ends of his leather jerkin before looking up at the Wizard.

"So—now what?"

Saruman turned towards Elrond. "I suppose then, that you wish for the Lady Galadriel and myself to go with you to Rivendell? To meet with Gandalf, I presume."

The brown haired elf nodded. "Yes, Mithrandir will need some persuasion with the extra members of their company and I can see that it is up to us to do so."

Galadriel faced Elrond slowly. "I must return to Lothlórien for a brief while, but I assure you that I will come as quickly as possible."

"That is acceptable." Elrond agreed, with a brief inclination of his head.

Saruman reclined stiffly in his chair. "I too must stay here in Isengard for a short amount of time. I have some loose ends that need to be tied."

Erestor gave an aggravated sigh.

Elrond held up a hand. "Forgivable. I will see you both in Imladris, then?"

"Of course."

"Yes."

Elrond and Erestor turned towards the stair case but paused. The leader of the two turned towards Hiccup. He lifted a carefully arched brow.

"Aren't you coming, Master Hiccup."

The Viking chief shook his head. "No. That looks like a lot of stairs. I'll take the short way down."

With a smile to the Wizard and the Lady, he all but jumped on top of Toothless' back. The dragon gave a playful buck before surging off the edge of the tower. The wind howled through their ears, tearing at Hiccup's clothes and hair. The man counted the amount of seconds before clicking Toothless' prosthetic into the correct position. The Night Fury's wings snapped open like a pair of sails and they safely glided to the ground. When they landed, Hiccup gave a shaky exhale.

"Speak, please bud."

Toothless hummed. "What would you have me say Hiccup?"

"Anything, I just can't get over you speaking."

"You've always talked to me about how you wished for this day."

"I know, but now that it's hereâ€¦I can't quite believe it."

"Well given everything else that was thrown in, I think it's understandable." Toothless burbled.

Hiccup sniffed. "Yes wellâ€¦I didn't ask for this."

Toothless lifted his head. "Neither of us did. But, as strenuous and confusing this situation is, we have to make the best of it."

"I suppose so." The Man admitted.

"I know so." Toothless added smugly.

"Stupid dragon." Hiccup snorted, flicking his friend's ear.

"Stupid human." Toothless joked, whacking the human's hands with one of his feelers.

"What about this world, what do you make it out to be?" Hiccup asked shortly after.

Toothless tilted his head to the side thoughtfully. "I think that, this is our opportunity to see more of things we never thought we would. Remember when we used to map out all of the Barbaric Archipelago? I think this is our second chance. We get to do that sort of thing one last time."

Hiccup nodded and looked out across the woody expanse of plain, mountains, and forest.

"In many ways it's like Berk, huh?"

"I guess that depends on how you look at it."

"Hm, I suppose you're right."

"I'm always right."

Hiccup scoffed. "Yeah, sure."

Elrond and Erester finally turned up at the bottom of the stairs. They had both miraculously changed from their fine tunics and robes to garments of war, including finely made battle armor. Hiccup gave an appreciative whistle. To say that the Elves were a bit surprised was an understatement.

"I justâ€¦I'd like to talk to your armorsmith. They did quite a job on your battle gear." Hiccup admitted.

Elrond gave a brief smile. "Why, Master Hiccup, are you knowledgeable in war time products as well?"

Hiccup chuckled. "I'd hope so, I am a blacksmith."

He and Toothless followed the walking Elves. They led them to a set of stables where a pair of sleek, glistening white horses were waiting. This time, Hiccup suppressed his whistle. For his own dignity's sake if not anything else.

"There seems to be quite an amount of surprises to you." Erester declared a bit suspiciously.

"Hey, who doesn't have their mysteries?"

Elrond laughed a bit.

The two Elves saddled their mounts and climbed on easily. Hiccup stayed saddled on Toothless. Elrond gave the two a warning glance.

"You are planning on following us then?"

"Of course." Hiccup nodded.

Erester shook his head. Elrond told him to stop.

"You may fly, Master Hiccup, simply stay closer to the ground. Who knows what lurks on the plains between here and Imladris?"

"I suppose you're right."

"Indeed." Erestor huffed a bit miffed.

Hiccup raised his hands in defense. "I meant no offenseâ€|hey, how far away is your Imladris anyways?"

"If we were of the race of Men, riding their horses, it would be a week's journey." Erestor answered.

Hiccup frowned.

"But, being that we are not, we should arrive in Imladris by the end of tomorrow."

"You know," Hiccup taunted. "I can arrive there by tonightâ€|a few hours even if Toothless pushed his limits."

"Which I will not." The dragon answered.

Hiccup rolled his eyes. "All I'm saying is that dragons are faster period."

"As good as it would be for you to enter the care of my people as soon as possible," Elrond said, "you must stay with us. They will demand an explanation, one you will not be in position to give. No. You will stay with us, and meet up with my army in Eregion."

"Army?" Hiccup repeated.

"The plains of Duneland are dangerous." Erestor cautioned.

Hiccup hummed. "Fine then. No high flying, and no going to Imladris without you."

Elrond nodded, content with his answer before spurring his horse forward. Erestor followed without a word. Hiccup pat Toothless' side.

"You ready bud?"

"I've been ready since we've arrived. I want to explore."

"There's no surprise."

"Call it my dragon's desire."

Hiccup laughed and clicked the stirrup. The dragon thrust them into the air easily. After rising about one hundred feet in the air, he evened out and settled on following the Elven horses' face past. It was impressive, because they seemed to be flying across the dull brown ground. The day past by with little events. The night too, seemed to pass quickly, but when the moon reached its zenith, Elrond called Hiccup and Toothless to land. The duo did so without complaint. Hiccup swayed a bit in the saddle, and Toothless shook his head a bit dizzily.

"The air is thick. Why is it thick?"

Erestor seemed confused. "Thick?"

"Yes." The dragon answered. "Normally, the air gets thinner as we fly. This air was as thick as it is here on the ground."

"We could not answer you, dragon." Elrond answered politely.

"He has a name." Hiccup grouched, stepping on his blood deprived foot—the poor and only limb had fallen asleep a while ago.

"We are aware." Erestor said, tending to his horse.

"Why'd you call us down?" Hiccup asked.

"Because you must rest a few hours. We will continue at dawn."

"We could easily go a few more miles." Hiccup protested.

Toothless shushed him immediately. "Thank you, Elf. We will take the few hours of rest you have provided us."

With a gurgling croon, the dragon guided his human away from the Fair Folk. Hiccup grumbled the entire time but allowed the dragon to fawn over him. By the time he was done, the moon was already settling in its fall back towards the horizon. The Night Fury curled up into a tight ball, lifting his inner wing for the Man to crawl under. Hiccup removed his leather bracers and jerkin setting them down neatly before settling next to Toothless' warm side. The dragon's skin pulsed lulling under his scales and in no time at all, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third was asleep.

It wasn't until the dawn had just barely blushed that the Elves awoke them. When Hiccup rose up, he was surprised to see at least fifteen more Elven riders. It was far too early for this. He shot Elrond a confused, groggy look.

"So—is this your army?"

The Elven lord gave an amused smile before nodding.

Hiccup sighed and tossed his head back, looking up at the sky. But he accepted it nonetheless. One of the Elves, a raven head, offered him water and a flat-bread which he eagerly accepted and ate. He dawned on his leathers and looked to Toothless. The dragon hummed.

"Good morning, Hiccup."

The man rested the back of his hand on his brow. "So, I wasn't dreaming. You really can talk."

"Yes, Hiccup, I can talk." The dragon affirmed with a sardonic amusement.

"Goody, goody."

"Jump on, you gimpy human."

"The dragon's got jokes!" Hiccup crooned playfully, before jumping on his friend's back.

The Elves watched with admiration, or maybe horror, as Hiccup interacted with Toothless. He did his gear check routine followed by

his prosthetic check. Finding that everything was in order he nodded to the Elves that were patiently waiting for him. They spurred their horses forward without a second thought. Toothless jumped into the air, his wings beating twice before gaining the altitude he wanted. Once he leveled out, Hiccup lay down on the dragon's wiggling back.

"Something on your mind?" Toothless asked, his wings gliding.

Hiccup sighed. "Where do I begin?"

"Start at the beginning then." The dragon laughed.

"Well you're just full of it today."

"Hiccup."

"Fine." Hiccup groaned. "I justâ€¦do you think Astrid knows I love her?"

Toothless stiffened, seeming alarmed by the question. "Hiccup, what?"

"Do you think Astrid knows that I love her?" The Man repeated.

"What would make you think such a thing like that?" The dragon demanded, his eyes widening.

Hiccup exhaled deeply. "I didn't tell her before, weâ€¦before we left."

Toothless stayed quiet.

The Man sighed. "I want her to know that I didn't leave her alone. That I love her, and that I would never abandon her. I want her to know those things."

"She does Hiccup." Toothless reassured. "She knows it because of the fourteen years you've spent by her side. The fifteen years you've devoted to being a good chief. And the seven and a half months you've spent doting on her and your yet-to-be hatchling."

"I know, it's just thatâ€¦"

A howl rose over the plains, its voice jagged, screeching and hoarse. Hiccup sat straight up in the saddle, his green eyes widening. Toothless' ears became erect. The human's limbs stiffened and he scanned the grounds. The dragon too. They both saw two large groups racing across the plains. Hiccup hadn't realized that they had left Elrond's company long ago. In fact, they couldn't see the Elven kind anywhere. Instead, he focused on the two groups. The larger group, one made up of about twenty or so, was heading in the opposite direction of the smaller. The smaller group, of about fifteen, was heading towards scattered rocks.

The smaller group almost converged with the larger one until they ducked back. Hiccup urged Toothless forward, but made him swing far back for cover. He made sure to heed Elrond's warning carefully. It wasn't until he saw what the larger group was made up of, that he set Toothless closer. The large group seemed to be made up entirely of

ogres on ridiculously large wolves.

"Bud, we have to help!" Hiccup drove Toothless forward.

The dragon didn't hesitate in diving. There was an ogre-like thing right on top of the people. Hiccup pulled up on the saddle, and Toothless released his first plasma blast. As soon as it was gone the dragon soared back up, far from the astounded eyes of the people and the hateful and cautious gaze of the ogres.

"Bud, send three more plasma blasts to the large group and then head back to the Elves. I'll stay here and ground control. We know nothing about these ogre creatures."

"I will not leave you here!" Toothless argued, pulling back around for another dive shot.

"Look, remember Elrond said races aren't so kind to dragons. If you come back with them, they might treat you better than they would if it was just me."

"Butâ€" "

"Toothless, a harsh blast to the right!" Hiccup interrupted, seeing another group of ogres break off and head towards the people.

The dragon complied before returning back towards the higher layers of the sky.

"Are you sure about this?"

"What could possibly go wrong?" Hiccup chuckled.

"Oh too many things." The Night Fury groaned, before spinning back down for another attack at the larger group.

"Last shot, make it good." Hiccup said, glancing behind them as Toothless returned high up again.

"When do I not?" Toothless asked offended.

"I'll jump when you fire, it'll be a good cover." Hiccup informed pulling up the lever on the saddle.

Hiccup checked the artificial fin's auto-switch had latched onto Toothless' natural tail. A gold tiny lever connected to the black fin and the red fin. Hiccup pat the dragon's back.

"Can you move your fin?"

Toothless gave both a good flapping. "Check."

"Alright, go back, find the Elves, and come quickly. I don't know how long I can occupy the ogres." The man nodded, tightening his grip on the handle bars.

"You got it." Toothless roared, diving again.

Hiccup unlatched himself from the saddle. The moment Toothless' purple fire blast erupted from his mouth, the man jumped in the

opposite direction. A sense of weightlessness overcame him before he pulled his wingsuit open. Air blasted him, but he was used to that. He soared elegantly, behind the enemy. Now he could make out that they were much uglier than when they were higher up.

With a snort, Hiccup let out the loudest Night Fury screech he could mimic. The creatures turned around at the sudden noise. They glared at him, their wolf-monsters prowling forward. Hiccup bit his lip.

What the Hel was step two?

"Umâ€¦hi. Can you guys speakâ€¦like at all?"

The ogres gripped their swords and assorted weapon and rushed towards him.

Hiccup sighed. "I'll take that as a no."

He pulled his sword off his side, grabbing a cartridge of Zippleback gas. He had twenty cartridges lined up on his side. They'd probably come in handy. He popped one into his sword and pulled out another one. When the ogre creatures got close enough, he lit his sword and touched the tip of the cartridge, a tiny flame popped up. He threw the cartridge. It exploded immediately in the group of ogres. Several of them fell at the smell of the gas, others broke off screaming at the heat of the flame.

"Didn't like that did you?"

And with that he gave a suicidal leap into the fray. He was very surprised at the aggression of the creatures, but considering that his sword, Endeavor, was on fireâ€"they were at a disadvantage. Being that they seemed not to like fire. He hacked at another wolf's nose, getting ready to spin around toâ€¦

And then he screamed, his body tumbling forward as pain brandished his shoulder. He looked up to see a bolt sticking out of his shoulder. It was huge and long, the point felt barbed. He looked up at the ogre who knocked another bolt to its bow. Hiccup sucked in his breath before lunging forward, his sword held out. He didn't get a chance to strike though, because an arrow whizzed into the creature's chest and it fell to the ground as another arrow killed its mount.

A rough hand grabbed his hand and pulled him forward. He shocked himself by having to look down to see his savior. A short, long haired blond tugged him along.

"Come on!" He growled.

A brunette joined them, just as short as the blond. "What were you thinking? You looked great by the way, but challenging all of the Orcs like that? Although you felled likeâ€¦ten. Quite the show!"

"Midgets?" Hiccup piped.

"Oi, who you calling a midget?" The blonde asked indignantly as they ran for their lives. "We're Dwarves!"

"Oh right, silly me." Hiccup murmured stumbling.

"Stay with us, Mr. Stranger." The brunette shouted, helping to support him.

"Not going anywhere!" look out!" Hiccup raised his sword and deflected a blow from an 'Orc'.

The monster growled and swung again. Hiccup shook his prosthetic twice, feeling the foot shape switch to the backup knife. He kicked the monster promptly in the chest, the Orc stumbled back pulling the Man with him. Hiccup fell to the ground, his leg-jackknife still sticking in the flesh of the beast. The blonde and brunette Dwarf grabbed his arms and pulled; they all fell to the ground. The knife switched back to the regular prosthetic and Hiccup groaned. The bolt in his shoulder sunk deeper.

There was a furious bellow and the two Dwarves and Hiccup looked up to see a gnarled, huge Orc charging them. Before any of them could grab their weapons, a raven haired Dwarf charged the beast, his gleaming sword glittering in the sun. When the monster had been killed, the raven haired turned towards the trio.

"I thought I told you to get him out of here?" He growled, reaching forward and helping the blonde lift Hiccup up.

"I'm doing quite fine, thank you." Hiccup protested weakly. Why was the world turning purple? "I'll have you know I've got backup coming."

"Backup?" The raven haired one asked, deflecting another bolt with his sword.

The brunette fired more arrows. More Dwarves were coming up the hill, as well as a Man with a pointy grey hat. Hiccup wanted to laugh. The hat was so floppy.

There was a sound of a horn and the Elves surged forward into the valley, killing the rest of the Orcs. Seriously, they didn't even have to try; they just rode in brandishing swords. Hiccup whooped. The raven haired Dwarf glared at him.

"This was your backup?" He demanded.

"Not quite." Hiccup grinned.

The tell-tale shriek trumpeted through the air and the next thing Hiccup knew Toothless landed next to them. Hiccup frowned when he noticed several jagged cuts in the dragon's scales. Even the tip of the Night Fury's snout was bleeding. He reached out to touch his friend, when suddenly a huge war hammer collided with Toothless' neck. The dragon yelped in pain before he was flung aside. A tall bald Dwarf with blue tattoos hefted his weapon up again, ready to pound the tar out of the dragon. Before he could though, Hiccup pushed himself to his feet and rammed the Dwarf, tossing them both to the ground.

The Man furiously, grabbed his sword that had skittered helplessly to the ground. He spun around, ready to attack the bald Dwarf again when his chest met the warning tip of a cold sword. Hiccup looked down to

see the fine make of a blade, gleaming silver. His seemingly glowing emerald eyes looked up to clash with burning sapphire ones.

"Choose your words carefully, human." The raven haired Dwarf warned, pressing the sword tip closer to Hiccup's chest.

The Viking flicked his sword to where the metal, no longer on fire, met the Dwarf's neck. The blonde and brunette gasped, their breath violently sucked back in. The bald Dwarf growled. The two pairs of eyes, sapphire and emerald, drilled holes into each other.

"Nobody," Hiccup snarled. "Nobody, harms my dragon."

The raven haired Dwarf looked taken aback. But he did not get much of a chance to react. Hiccup's sword fell from his hands, and his fingers went numb. Then his legs and arms. Finally he fell forward, his body limp and weak, his eyes rolled back. The raven haired Dwarf dropped his sword automatically and reached out, catching the unconscious Man. Hiccup was sprawled out in his arms like some sort of oversized human blanket. The Dwarf glared at Gandalf.

"Is this your doing, Tharkun?"

Gandalf the Grey shook his head. "I assure you Thorin, I had no knowâ€" "

At that moment, Elrond of Rivendell rode up, concern written on his brow. "Mithrandir, what is the meaning of this?"

Gandalf huffed. "Well I could ask you the very same thing my friend."

"Orcs seldom travel so close to our borders." The Elf said, lifting a finely trimmed brow.

"We were simply traverse through, the Orcs seemed to have tracked us." The Wizard argued.

Elrond hummed.

Thorin looked among the two and shifted the Man in his arms. The auburn haired Viking groaned in pain, his face scrunching up. Thorin's eyes flashed with a brief moment of pity, before looking at the two older beings who had begun arguing like children. His temper raged, and out of the corner of his eyesâ€"he noticed the black dragon getting up slowly. It was time to end all of this.

With the larges bellow he could muster, he shouted a loud: "_ShazÃ§ra_!"

Elrond and Gandalf stopped their bickering to look at him. The army of Elves had stopped their excited chatter. Thorin's own company paused in their murmuring to look at their leader. The blonde and brunette Dwarves stepped up and helped the other with the weight of the Man.

Thorin glowered irritably at the two taller men.

"Does some want to explain what in the name of Mahal is going on?"

0~0~0

_From underneath the trees, we watch the sky
>Confusing stars for satellitesâ€|

_I never dreamed that you'd be mine,
>But here we are, we're here tonightâ€|

~If Everyone Cared, by: Nickelback

4. First Step

****Chapter 4: First Step****

"Is he going to get better?" Bilbo asked Elrond as he walked from the healing room.

He and the Dwarves had been in the safety of Rivendell for a little more than five hours. In that time, the Lord of the Elves of the Last Homely House of the West had set himself to helping the unconscious foreign man's condition. Even Thorin had insisted for the Elves' aid, if only to have the man get better so he could beat the tar out of him.

"That remains to be seen, little friend." Elrond murmured. "The arrow shot at him was poisoned. Had it hit any major artery or vein, he would haveâ€"undoubtedlyâ€"been dead within seconds. However, it only dug underneath his skin. Luckily, we were able to get him help in time. The poor man was mere minutes away from death."

"Who is he?" Bilbo asked, fixing himself when he noticed the Elf Lord's frown. "I mean, you told us he was an allyâ€|but, he just jumped right into the fray. On the back of a dragon, no less! Surely any ally of the Dwarves would know of their loathing towards _any_ dragon."

"Indeed, he is an ally, butâ€|not of his own accord."

"Thatâ€|doesn't make any sense."

Elrond frowned and looked at the Hobbit. "Should you not be with your companions, Master Baggins?"

"I don't think I shall be missed." Bilbo snorted. "In fact, some of them do not believe I should be on this journey with them. Though, I'm sure they're probably correct in this manner of thinking. What right does a Hobbit from the Shire have to help Dwarves of Durin Folk to regain their homeland?"

_As much right as a Man from another world. _The Elf thought, gazing down upon the Baggins. He was quite like his mother, as far as looks went. A spitting image of Belladonnaâ€"Valar rest her soulâ€"in fact. And, if Bilbo Baggins was anything like Belladonna Took Baggins, the Dwarves were in for quite the surprise.

"I have heard tell of how Hobbits can be very resilient."

This startled the Hobbit. He looked at Elrond with wide round eyes. His lip twitched uncomfortably.

"Really?"

Elrond, retook his perspective on Bilbo. The young Hobbit's mannerisms were much, unlike Belladonna's. The wild lass out spoke everyoneâ€”always giving her two cents when it came to ideals. Her son seemed quite reserved, probably content on keeping his thoughts to himself unless needed otherwise. So in this respect, Elrond supposed he was like his father, Bungo Baggins; at least, that was what he presumed from Belladonna's stories.

"I have also heard tell of how Hobbits value the comforts of home more than anything else."

Bilbo looked at him and sighed with exasperation. "And I've heard never to ask an Elf for adviceâ€”they'll give you both yes and no as an answer."

The lad seemed to regret that the moment it left his mouth.

Elrond on the other hand was most amused by this. Belladonna would often be found muttering such a saying whenever she was found wandering Rivendell. So perhaps this son was not so unlike his mother as the Elf had originally thought. His lips tilted up slightly, allowing Bilbo to know that he was not angry. The Hobbit laughed nervously.

The Elf Lord shook his head with amusement before turning to head back to the infirmary. He rested his hand on the Hobbit's shoulder for just a minute.

"You are welcomed to stay, Bilbo Baggins, if that is indeed your wish." And with that he opened the door and closed it partially before looking back. "I will notify you and Thorin when our guest is able to comprehend the events and speak properly."

Bilbo nodded halfheartedly before padding away.

Elrond closed the door behind him. He was surprised to see dull green eyes glaring at him hostilely. He stepped forward cautiously, his hands held up to show he meant no harm. This did not stop the man's glowering.

"Soâ€”not only am I attacked by creepy ogre looking creatures, but also by the lot of midgets I was trying to save. I lose consciousness, end up in a bed I've no recollection of, and both my dragon and my prosthetic leg have gone missing. Care to explain?" Hiccup growled, clenching at the white silky sheets.

"An Orc shot you with a poison arrow; as for your location, you are in the infirmary of Rivendell." The Elf explained calmly.

"Okay, that solves two of my questions. Now, where's my leg and my dragon? This charade has gone on long enough. As soon as you tell me where both are, I'm leaving. I don't care if I have to fly off the end of the worldâ€”I will be getting home." The Viking stubbornly declared.

"Then why should I tell you where either lies if you are only to harm yourself?"

"Because, I will ignite your precious Rivendell with a buttload of Zippleback gas if you don't." Hiccup growled with a proud smirk.

Lord Elrond held up Hiccup's belt of Zippleback gas cartridges.

"For the love of Thor!" Hiccup barked, facepalming himself. He sunk tiredly back into the bed sheets, looking away. "Do you just have everything of mine? Speaking of which—where is my armor?"

"I sent for it to be washed." Elrond explained soothingly, setting the cartridges on the back of a chair. "There were quite a bit of a stains on it."

"Umhm, other from ogre blood? Dragon drool—"but that's impossible to wash out." The Viking admitted with a sigh.

Elrond's scrunched brow relaxed with a sympathetic look. "Those were Orcs, Master Hiccup, not ogres."

"Whatever!" Hiccup groaned, the frustration really bubbling out from him.

The Elf looked at him before subtly nodding. He turned around and glided back to the door, his hands closing around the handle.

"I will return shortly—do try not to alight my city in flames while I am gone."

Hiccup cocked his brow at the quip before responding dryly, "I don't make any promises."

The Elf Lord left the man to entertain himself after that. He walked away from the infirmary, towards the stables. Large trellises, their beauty unmatched by any man made structure, loomed above. White marble rails coiled along his path, providing an adequate hand rest. Elrond pondered his guest.

The man was not unkind. In fact, without knowing the Dwarves, he jumped into battle to try and save them. He'd even given Hiccup warning that people here would not be amiable towards his pet dragon. However, the Viking refused to listen to him and decided to play the role of a hero. Although, Elrond couldn't say he wasn't relieved to know that the man was chivalrous. It seemed more and more, chivalry died within another age. How long would it be until it died out completely? Perhaps, besides helping the Dwarves regain Erebor, Hiccup would help bring back virtuous standards to Middle Earth.

_Hiccup. _Elrond chuckled to himself. _What an amusing name. However—quite appropriate._

The Elf couldn't help but feel that Hiccup caused problems wherever he went. Causing little discrepancies here and there. Spreading his little influences everywhere so that they rubbed off on people. No doubt, little hiccups were left in his trail. It would be amusing to see how he would influence the Dwarves.

Elrond approached the stables at last and opened the large white wooden door. Inside there were several female Elves walking about with trays of oils. The Elf Lord quirked his brow confusedly. He did not recall stationing this many of his kind to attend to the dragon. A male Elf noticed the royal's presence immediately and came up to him at once.

"Ahâ€¦Lindirâ€¦what is going on?" Elrond muttered, his eyes scrutinizing the buzz.

Lindir gave a nervous chuckle. "The dragonâ€¦demanded attention."

"Whatâ€¦" The Elf Lord for once, was at a loss for words. "Whatâ€¦kind of attention?"

"None as to what you are thinking of!" Lindir protested, his pointed ears flushing red.

Elrond hummed. He sidestepped Lindir and walked to where the maidens were bumbling about. The black dragon lounged happily, his body stretched out much like a cat's. The female Elves were rubbing the oils all around his dark ebony scales, cooing words in Sindarin to him. His head tilted back with pleasure and deep echoing purrs reverberated from his throat.

"He has seduced them?" Elrond muttered.

Lindir opened his mouth.

The dragon's ear twitched. "_He _can hear you."

Both Elves continued to give the dragon a withering look.

With an exasperated sigh, the black dragon flicked his tail. He murmured his thanks and dismissal to the Elven maids in Sindarin. The praised him for his quick learning before leaving him alone with the two superiors.

"Care to explain?" Elrond demanded.

Toothless righted himself, looking at the Elf with deep emerald eyes. "Gladly. All I asked was if Lindir would mind oiling my scales. After a fight, I normally need adequate scale care otherwise they chip off. The oil simply helps them stay in shapeâ€¦much like oiling or polishing armor."

"The maidens?" The Elf Lord pressed.

Lindir slowly inched away.

"Lindir refused to help me, so he called for someone who would." The black dragon continued. "Next thing we both knowâ€¦I'm surrounded by beautiful Elven women. They seemed to like my singing."

"I doubt dragons sing." Lindir muttered, knowing that he wouldn't know being as though he stepped out of the stables when the maidens had begun to flock the dragon.

Toothless snorted. "All dragons love to sing. Why you humans find that so unbelievable is beyond me."

"Because all dragons are murderous beasts which kill and eat everything in sight." Lindir snapped.

"Clearly you know nothing. Although Hiccup might disagree about the eating partâ€"I can assure that what I kill, I never swallowâ€"unless it's fish, then I swallow."

"_He is a deceptive beast." _Lindir growled in Sindarin.

Elrond raised a brow. _"Perhaps, but, everything so far has seemed to be honest."_

"_I think we should kill him while there is still a chance." _The other mumbled.

"_That would be unwise." _The lord murmured. _"We would lose any momentum gained with the chief."_

"It's very rude to speak in a language that a third wheel cannot understand." Toothless piped up.

"Apologies, dragon." Elrond uttered half-heartedly.

"Oh, please stop calling me dragon. I have a name, and it most certainly not dragon. It's Toothless to you."

"Toothless."

"Yes, Toothless."

"That is the name that Master Hiccup gave to you?" Elrond could not help but be amused at the irony of a Viking chief named Hiccup and a deadly dragon named Toothless.

"Yes." The dragon answered simply.

"And what would be your birth name, _Toothless_? Or do dragons not give their offspring names?" Lindir sneered. "Is Toothless the only name you could earn?"

The black dragon's emerald eyes narrowed at the younger Elf. "For your information, I did have a name before I met Hiccup. My name wasâ€"bah, never mind. You'd never be able to pronounce it in this tongue."

"Proof he has none." Lindir jeered.

Elrond sent the other a withering look before returning his attention to the dragon. "Humor us."

"Hiccup doesn't even know my real name. Why would I tell you lot?"

"Other from getting Lindir to quiet?" The Elf Lord questioned, trying to appeal to the dragon's vanity. Even he was a bit curious now.

"_Tywysogodywyllych_." Toothless barked out, a coy smile playing across his snout.

Both Elrond and Lindir almost choked on their own breaths. They blinked rapidly, staring at the dragon, unsure if he'd just growled or actually said some sort of word. Toothless just blinked innocently at them, before lazily getting to his feet.

"I'm not repeating it, if that's what you want." He sniggered. "So, take me to Hiccup. I want to see my human now."

Lindir started a negative response but Elrond held up an appeasing hand.

"Of course Masterâ€|Toothless," He knew he couldn't pronounce whatever the dragon had said.

"Smart man." The dragon said, before correcting himself. "Smart Elf, I meanâ€|"

With a nod, Elrond led both the dragon and the other Elf from the stables. He was cautious in the way they traveled knowing they would receive both looks of awe and fear from anyone they would pass by. For sure, if they came across a Dwarf, there would be resentment and bloodlust.

Luckily though, they did not meet anyone in the halls of Rivendell. It was silentâ€"blissfully so. Whichever of the Valar decided to make it a small miracle to give the dragon an ease of passage to his friend, Elrond thanked it. Toothless and Hiccup seemed sincere enough in their companionship that it made him wonder if such a connection could be formed with Smaug. Though the dragon had a fierce reputation and a horrendously bloody ledger, maybe it was possible to remove the monster from the beast.

But perhaps that was also wishful thinking.

They approached the medicine ward and Elrond quickened his pace to open the door for the other two. Lindir walked in with ease while Toothless struggled to squeeze through. From the inside of the room (and from looking above the dragon's ears) Hiccup was found dying of laughter. Lindir looked disdainfully at the creature.

Toothless writhed and twisted, trying to free himself. When he found no one was going to aid him he growled. Twisting his head slightly so one of his eyes could see, he glared at Elrond.

"Help? Please?"

The Elf Lord stifled a chuckle and nodded. Reaching out towards Toothless' back, he pushed outward. He was surprised at how smooth the midnight black scales were. Though they were flat against the creature's skin, the texture reminded him of that of river stones. Elrond's fingers curled over the scales slightly, running his hands over the ebony armor. He had heard tell of the rough and coarseness of a dragon's skinâ€"but this, this was unlike the dragon hunter's tales.

"Hey, push me out, then touch me later!" Toothless snapped, finding the situation unamusing.

"Apologies, Master Dragon." Elrond said, before looking at the situation. Knowing that he would not be able to push the dragon through without a bit of magic, he closed his eyes for a moment before whispering, "_Liberatus sit_."

With a small sizzle of blue light around his hands, a small wave of air forced its way between the dragon and the Elf. Like a cork on a bottle, Toothless was shucked through the door. The Night Fury landed in an undignified pile on the ground. Hiccup, still trying to hold together his sides from laughter, all but flew from his bed and side tackled his friend. Toothless purred in delight, nuzzling his friend amiably and welcomingly.

"I missed you too bud!" Hiccup laughed.

Toothless chuffed jeeringly. "Who said I missed you? I was worried about you, you ridiculous stubborn Viking! You almost got yourself killed, again!"

"So my plan had a fewâ€¦flaws, no biggie." The man smiled.

The dragon rolled his eyes. "No biggie he says, I'll be fine if I jump into enemy territory with said dangerously armed enemy right below me, he says."

"Give it up, you big newt."

"Admit you were wrong, pigheaded ape."

"_The fact that Chief Hiccup had not been incinerated with that insult," _Lindir murmured.

Elrond nodded. "_That both of them can swap insults so easily is remarkable all on its own."_

"Third wheels can't understand!" Both Hiccup and Toothless shouted simultaneously.

The Elves looked startled for a moment, or rather, caught unawaresâ€¦"for an Elf does not startle.

"Do you share a telepathic connection, Master Hiccup?" Elrond questioned.

"If we did, I'd never have to worry about stumbling upon him and his wife!" Toothless sniggered.

Hiccup's cheeks flushed and he shoved the dragon's head playfully. "That's enough outta you."

Toothless hummed a smug burble before rolling his eyes.

The Elves watched with intrigue.

"Tell me Master Hiccup," Elrond murmured "how long have you and the dragon known each other?"

The Viking tilted his head back. "Wellâ€¦lemme think. I was ten when I shot him downâ€¦so aboutâ€¦wow, hey bud, I feel old. It's been

thirty five years since that day in the woods."

"A blink of an eye, for a dragon." Toothless chuckled before his face fell a bit. _But half a lifetime for a man._

Elrond seemed to sense the distress in the dragon. "The both of you have been loyal companions for the entirety of that time?"

"Pretty much." Hiccup laughed nervously.

The Night Fury wacked him upside the back of his head with his tail. "You liar. Not originally we weren't. When he first shot me down, I almost killed him—he was lucky he caught my curious side."

Lindir curled his lip in disgust. "Would you have killed a ten year old boy."

Toothless shrugged his shoulders. "Three hundred and fifty years of being a lethal shot. I wouldn't be surprised if I did. I'd done it before."

Lindir recoiled and Elrond lifted a graceful brow.

"Look, I'm not proud of that part of my past." Toothless snapped. "But I've moved on. I won't forget those who I've killed—but I'm better than that now. I'm also stronger. No, I will no longer kill humans for the pleasure of it, of that you can be assured."

Lindir opened his mouth to argue.

"Hey, I know! Instead of harassing my dragon even more, how 'bout you give me his saddle and tailfin, plus all of my gear." Hiccup jumped in, hands on his hips.

"Not quite yet," Elrond stated calmly. "How about instead, we find you something to eat—yes?"

Hiccup's brow furrowed. _It's like he knew I'm hungry._

_It's so obvious that Hiccup is hungry when he gets grouchy.
_Toothless thought with a sigh.

The man cleared his throat. "Very well. I will accept your peace offering of food."

Lindir rolled his eyes and began to leave the room.

Elrond smiled and pulled from one of the many folds of his robe Hiccup's prosthetic. He tossed it to the man. With an eager snatch, Hiccup caught it from the air and began to check all the bells and whistles. Satisfied that his leg was in proper condition, he began to strap it back on.

The Elf Lord cleared his throat. "Although, I apologize but you must leave your dragon here. You understand, do you not?"

"But he's not housebroken!" Hiccup whined with a wink.

Again, Toothless hit him upside the head.

"What is housebroken?" Elrond murmured.

"Nothing you should worry yourself with." Toothless grumbled, glaring at Hiccup. "Be sure to bring me back something."

"Pffft, I make no promises."

"Hiccup!"

"Bye." Hiccup jeered with a wave of his hand and a walk out of the door, his foot stomping a bit as he tested his weight with it. He smiled looking to Elrond who walked a bit awestruck by his side. "That's how you handle a grumpy-frumps dragon."

"I will remember such advice if I were ever unfortunate to meet one." Elrond said, brows raised.

"Good. 'Cause you just might." Hiccup murmured, his face neutral in emotion.

"What mean you by this?" Elrond asked.

Hiccup cocked his head to the side. "If Toothless and I don't succeed with this dragon mission you've put us on, you may very well have a grumpy dragon pinned against you."

"I would rather not humor the idea."

"Neither would I."

They walked on silently. Hiccup's words did not calm Elrond's uncertainty with allowing Thorin's company to journey towards Erebor. In fact, now, it soiled any hope he had for it.

I must not allow them to leave. The Elf thought harshly.
Middle-Earth cannot be exposed to Smaug's wrath. Not again.

Elrond opened the doors to the dining hall. There was a bit of food left over from the meal earlier that day. Hiccup went and found an empty bowl that had been abandoned. Several of the Elves who were either lounging, eating, and even cleaning up the mess glanced at Hiccup wearily. Hiccup nodded to them respectfully before filling the bowl with the greens laid out. The human man did not seem to have a problem with the entirely vegan diet. In fact, he seemed quite pleased at the lack of meat.

"Do you not enjoy animal flesh, Master Hiccup?" Elrond asked.

Hiccup looked up from the bowl. "Um, I prefer it less than most of my people. I dunno. Never been one for hunting. Fishing yes—but hunting, not so much."

Elrond waited politely for Hiccup to finish his meal before turning swiftly. "I will have some sort of nourishment sent to the room for your dragon."

"Oh—can I not have seconds?" Hiccup asked, his eyes round at the thought of not eating more.

"You're still hungry?" _He's like a child._

"Sort ofâ€¦" The Viking had the decency to look sheepish. "Yes, okay? I'm sorry!"

Elrond quirked a brow. "No apologies necessary, Master Hiccup. Please gather whatever you deem necessary. But, you must excuse me. I have a hearing I must attend to. It will take me the rest of the night I believe. You remember the way back to the healing ward?"

Hiccup nodded. "But of course."

"Then, pardon me."

The Viking nodded before grinning. _Rule number one: Always make sure Hiccup is attended to at all times._

Grabbing the rest of the collard greens, he left his bowl on the table and began to wander. The other Elves didn't mind him. Literally they ignored him. Not that he minded, either. The less people questioned, the more he could explore. He giggled to himself.

Toothless would kill me if he knew that I was milling about. _Some things will never change about me._

He wandered down a corridor that led from the opposite direction that he and Elrond had entered through. Taking a fist full of lettuce and munching on it, he began any direct observations that would tell him about these Western Elves.

From the first part, he could gather that they were superior architects. Styles of building beyond his knowledge were beautifully displayed. From twisting, curling trellises to curving flying buttresses, the Elves knew how to construct a structure. However, he did notice the vast quantity of marble statues that looked quite like pale white Elves. Somehow though, they were not Elves at the same time. Whatever they were, Hiccup admired their aesthetic beauty and clean craftsmanship.

Strolling further down, he came upon an open hallway. His brow furrowed as he noticed how a large statue took up a good area of the hall. Coming upon it, he realized it was a statue of a crying man.

Strange.

The man's head was bowed, his arms outstretched. Placed upon his arms was a large platter. Climbing up the steps, Hiccup saw that pieces of a shattered sword strewn gently across a piece of silk draping the stone work. His emerald eyes lit up with a dragonish quality as he reached out curiously. The sword pulsed.

**A different king.** It whispered.

Hiccup flinched back immediately, his outstretched fingers curling into a fist. His body shook with fear as he felt the sword's strength. The sword pulsed again, as if not satisfied that Hiccup had only pulled away his hand.

**A different king of Men.** The sword repeated.

Hiccup swallowed, his pupils narrowing before stepping slowly back down the stairs. His hairs stood on end and he couldn't help but feel as if he'd violated the sword's space. It asked for a different king. He was no king—that he knew. A chief yes. A possible high chief, maybe. But a king? That was nowhere in his job description.

At least I don't think so. He thought nervously.

The sword pulsed again. _**Endeavor. **_

And then the sword was quiet.

"Well—that was creepy." The Viking decided.

Turning around, he came face to face with a large, dark mural. Different from the bright, calm colors of Rivendell—the picture caught his attention. Using his hand to follow the different shapes of the people, Hiccup began to unfold the tale that was depicted.

A dark shadow knight.

A ring.

An eye.

A man.

A volcano.

And—Elrond?

"Someone's a bit egotistical, aren't they?"

He shook his head and rounded the corner. He stopped, his peg leg scratching against the stone. There were voices down below. Tiptoeing to the closest pillar, he hid behind it. Peeking just past the other side, he could make out Elrond and an elderly man walking on a bridge below the balcony of the building he was in. On the balcony, observing the loudly talking two was a raven head.

Hiccup could make out the other eavesdropper. But he didn't pay much attention to him. His focus returned to the arguing duo.

"I hope you realize I'm doing this for the good of others!" The elderly man protested. "And besides, in the time that we've known each other, I'd hope you'd trust me by now."

Elrond glared. "That dragon has been asleep for over sixty years, Gandalf. Would you dare risk waking it?"

"Would you dare risk sending in a dragon tamer to Smaug?" 'Gandalf' countered.

Rude. Hiccup snorted.

"Chief Haddock is more than qualified to eliminate the dragon in the Lonely Mountain." Elrond responded coolly.

Gandalf frowned. "But it is not his quest, neither is it yours. That

man is more likely to set the dragon free out of pity for it, than kill it."

"Chief Haddock has killed his fair share of dragons."

"But tamed more of them than killed."

Trained, not tame. You can never tame a dragonâ€"nor hope to.
Hiccup corrected.

"Gandalfâ€" Elrond sighed.

"No. Is this not a quest for Durin? It is their duty to reclaim their homeland, my friend." The old man argued.

Hiccup frowned. Had he walked in on a civil war?

"Have you forgotten that it is not just the dragon that haunts the mountain? The gold that lies there is also cursed. And what of Thorin Oakenshield? Have you forgotten as well that a curse lies upon his family? The gold sickness runs heavily in his blood. Can you assure that Thorin will not lose his mind and plague the whole of Middle-Earth with the dragon?"

Hiccup looked down to see a shorter fair haired man join the black haired one. The Viking sighed and shook his head. He'd come to some sort of terms of respect for the Elf lord. But talking behind another person's back? That was dishonorable.

Chuckling mirthlessly, he walked down the stairs to join the other two.

Click, thump. Clack twip. Click, thump. Clack, twip. Click, thump.
Went his peg and real legs.

"A bit rude that they'd talk about this Thorin guy behind his back."
If I remember right, he's the midget I'm supposed to help.

The raven haired matched Hiccup's jolly-less chuckle. "Indeed. They would do well to watch they're tongues."

When Hiccup got to their level, his brow instantly furrowed. Both of the men were shorter than him. Much shorter.

The man with the ebony colored hair turned to greet Hiccup. But stopped as he saw the Viking.

Sapphire eyes clashed with emerald eyes.

For the love of Thor, not again. Hiccup growled, not taking his attention away for one moment.

Thorin Oakenshield's lips pursed tightly, as his blue eyes stormed.
Mahal not again.

"You."

~0~0~0~

_Leave no stone unturned, leave your fears behind

>And try to take the path less traveled by,
That first step you
take is the longest stride_

~If Today was Your Last Day, by: Nickelback

* * *

><p>AN: So sorry about the long wait! As of now, I have
officially lost my co-author and with school it is incredibly hard
for me to update. So, in order that these month long hiatuses don't
happen again, I will be hosting a contest to find a new
coauthor._**

**_If you are interested in co-authoring with me, you must write a
minimum 2k word one-shot on how you think Hiccup and Thorin's
relationship will be by the end of this story (which ends with BOFTA.
NOTE: FOR THE ONE-SHOT IT CAN BE _**OFF CANNON** _WITH THE DEATHS OF
DURIN.) I will be judging on_**

**_1) creativity
>***_2) in tune-ness with characters
>3) and writing style**

**_When you have written the one-shot, post it in the HTTYDxHobbit
crossover section, with iamCAMBRIA's Contest in the summary box.
There will be a total of one month for the completion of the contest.
the due date shall be 3/15/15._**

**_Thank you to all who still read this story and who still have
interest! I hope that you all will consider the contest so that this
story may continue._**

~iamCAMBRIA

End
file.